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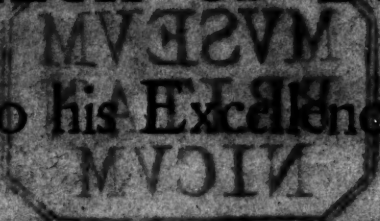
LETTER

FROM A

~~1030~~ 15
5

Citizen of Bath,

To his Excellency



Dr. R— at Tunbridg.

K

----- Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat?

Printed in the Year 1705.

LETTER

FROM A



Dr. R. — at Cambridge.

Quintus Velleius Paterculus
Historiae Romanae

Printed in the Year 1707.

LETTER, &c.

Learned Sir;

THAT I might be sure to pay you
all the *Respect* and *Honour* due
to your great Character, the on-
ly way I know to oblige you, I have
given you the Title of *Excellency*; a
Complement, tho' seldom made to *Physi-*
cians in *England*, yet very frequent in
foreign Parts. Thus *St. Luke* addresses,
To the most Excellent *Theophilus*, who
was a Learned *Physician* of that time.
And an ingenious Friend of yours I re-

member here in Town once gave this reason in general, why *Physicians* are thus honour'd, because they have the power of *Life* and *Death*. But I shall wave all *Criticisms* about words, and come to my Point.

We are inform'd here by common *Fame*, and private *Intimation* too, from such as are Ear witnesses, that you are so far become a *profest Enemy* to our *Bath-Waters*, that you vilify them, as good for little or nothing. I assure you, we were with some difficulty prevail'd to believe any thing of this *nature*, that a Man of your *Honour* cou'd so soon forget the almost miraculous Advantage and Success you met with here in your own *Case*, which in all human Judgment must have been deplorable, but for those *Balsamick Fountains* God has blest this *Place* with. Besides, it was somewhat hard for us to conceive, that you who so lately took a *Freeman's Oath* here in this *Town*, to do it all the good Offices should at any time lie in your way and power, could upon a trifling *Rique* and *Caprice*, become so bitter an *Enemy* to

a *Society*, of which you were so honourably admitted a *Member*. We have examin'd ourselves with all the Severity we could, what Indecencies or Indignities we had ever offer'd you, but can't charge our selves with any *Omissions* in point of respect to you on all occasions. If you expected a more profound *Veneration* than was shewn you here upon the place, 'twas our ignorance; and so far we are excusable, that we know not what *Panæto* and *Adoration* was due to so great a *Grandee* in *Physick*, and the mighty *Pam* of the *Faculty*. But *Gratitude* and the Obligations of an *Oath*, are below the regard or consideration of such, whose *Figure* in the World renders them too great for so low and mean *Thoughts*. Philosophers I know tell us that there are some evil *Eyes* that can dart forth malignant *Effluvia* or *Steams*, that are very pernicious where they fall.

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat
agnos.

Now

Now if the Eyes can emit such poy-
 sonous Particles as can produce such
 dismal *Effects* at some distance, who
 can determine how far the *Atmosphere*
 of a malicious *Tongue* (which is al-
 most as indefinite as *Space* it self)
 may reach and convey with it all its
 dire *Effects*? This Consideration made
 me curious enough to enquire what
 Learned *Arguments* you had form'd
 against our hot *Waters*; not doubting
 but so great a *Philosopher*, so searching
 a *Genius*, and so profound and pene-
 trating a *Judgment*, had made some
 further *discoveries* of the *Nature* of the
Bath-Waters, than any of our *Authors*
 hitherto had done: Either that they
 were too hot, or too cold; that they
 abounded with too much *Acid*, or too
 much *Alcaly*; or that they had in them
 some *dileterious* Particles unknown to
 others, that are injurious to our *Con-*
stitutions.

But after a long search after your
Reasons, I find nothing but *Humour*
 and *Caprice* at the bottom, and that
 you have no other meaning in what
 you

you say, than only gratifying a revengeful Mind.

For you say,

1st, That you will put a *Toad* in our *Waters*.

2^{dly}, That you will spoil the *Trade* of the *Bath-Waters*; by *G* you will.

3^{dly}, That you will bring our *Lodgings* to half a *Crown* a *Week*.

Enter *Almansor solus*.

I. D. R. by virtue of an *Imperial, Arbitrary* and *Uncontroulable Power* I have assum'd over the feeble *Bodies* and weaker *Minds* of my most obedient *Patients*, do command every one of them, as they will avoid my *Displeasure*, not to drink any *Bath Waters* more; for I say they are *Poysons* and not *Medicines*: And I do further declare, I will ruin the pernicious *Trade* of drinking the *Bath-Waters*, maugre all the *Opinions* and *Judgments* of all other *Physicians*, and the *Experiences* and *Practices* of all *Persons* whatsoever; and this I will perform by

by G—ds When I have done this, their
Lodgings will come to little.

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor
vacui hiatus?* Horat. W. NOV. 1661. A.

These, Sir, I hear are your learned
Arguments, with which you the *Theſſalus*
of our Age, from a Battery of your
own Brain, bombard us on all occasions,
and have vanity enough to think you
shall in time effect our *Ruin*.

Such sort of Language as this is,
might have pass'd among *Bullies* and
Bravo's, I would have been gracefully
spoken in the great *Auditory* at *Billings-*
gate, where vulgar *Wit* and ill-natur'd
Satyr, your two most familiar *Spirits*,
please best that learned and grave *Au-*
diences. But let me tell you, you favor
so little of a *Scholar*, *Philosopher*, or a
Gentleman, that one would hardly be
persuaded to believe him to be either,
that can please himself with such rude
Expressions. But these are the *Chaffins* by which,
like the *German Pipers* of old, you
have

have wheedled some out of Town, and prevail'd with them to leave us, for the more powerful Waters of *Tunbridge*. But this is our Satisfaction, the intrinsic Virtue of our Waters is so well known, that 'tis not in your Power to hurt us long.

Besides, Sir, we know you are as fickle as any young coy Virgin, can cry up one thing to day, and to morrow run it down. *Tunbridge* has been your *Favourite* formerly, next *Bath*, and now *Tunbridge* again; which argues you have much more *Fancy* than *Judgment*. The first Year you were pleas'd to say, our Waters were only good hot at the Pump; the next Year after that, you say the *Bath* waters are too hot for the Lungs. Thus *Satyr* like, you blow hot and cold when you please; and we know very well, such *Inconsistencies* as these are as natural to you, as the Colour of your Hair; and we doubt not but in a Summer or two, *Tunbridge* will please your Humour no more than *Bath* does now; if so, whither must the *Regiment* march next? To the

B

Baths

Baths of Aken in *Germany* I am told, for the conveniency of sending our *Coin* (of which we have too much in *England*) out of the Nation. Some of your *Forlorn Hope*, 'tis said, are there now, and 'tis more than probable the rest of the *Regiment* must follow in a little time, for you can't be pleas'd any where long. Nay, I have heard some of our *Burghers* say, they hop'd to see you here again for your old *Dis-temper* before you die ; so well acquainted they are with your *Temper* and *Constitution*.

Perhaps you will say I am too free and bold with a Man of your great *Character* in the World, so worthily esteem'd by many for your profound *Judgment* in *Diseases* and *Prognosticks*. Thus *Gadbury* in his *Almanacks* us'd to foretel in every month of the Year what *Weather* we should have ; if he chanc'd to guess right at any time, which now and then happen'd, his *Admirers* attributed this wholly to his Skill, and cry'd him up for a famous *Astrologer* and *Conja-*

rer :

rer: when he fail'd in his *Astrological*
Predictions, which was much oftner,
 this happen'd they thought from some
 unaccountable *Oppositions* and *Influences*,
 which 'twas impossible any Man should
 know. If I mistake not, much of this
 is in your Case. The World is very
 kind to you in your *Profession*; one
Cure and bold *Prognostick* when it falls
 out right, does you more *Service* than
 forty *Blunders* can do hurt to your *Repu-*
tation and *Name*. The Praises of the
Living follow you, but in the *Grave*
 there's no *Remembrance*. Your *Cures*
 and *Prognosticks* are all recorded for your
 utmost *Advantage*, and your Pot-Com-
 panions make it their *Business* to pro-
 claim 'em! So that when any *Patient*
 of yours dies under your Hands, 'tis
 taken for granted, he is lost not for
 want of *Care* and *Skill*, but from an in-
 vincible bad *Constitution* and inevitable
Fate; and shou'd any body say you ever
 lov'd *Claret* better than the best *Friends*
 when *languishing*, so as to delay visiting
 them one moment, or that you were
 mistaken in such and such a *Distemper*,

it would be soon concluded, to proceed from mere *Malice* and ill *Nature*. But after all, how vain soever you may be in your own Praises, and valuing your self upon your own Judgment and Understanding above the rest of the *Faculty*, 'tis not in your Power to alter the *Nature* of our *Waters*. You can no more hurt us than the *Cold Baths*, which cur'd several of your *Patients* in spite of your *Teeth*, when your bold *Prognosticks* told them, 'twas immediate *Death* for them to make one *Trial*. You are no infallible *Doctar*, whatever you think your self; tho you boast you can feel a *Stone* in the *Kidneys* by the *Pulse*, and sometimes when there is none; and that you can write all that there is in *Physick* in a half *Sheet* of *Paper*, that is, all you know of it, as *One* once told you. We are not oblig'd to believe all your *Bravado's*, we know too well what a value you have for Truth, when you are *speaking* in your own Praises. You may remember how you made your *Braggs* one day here among the *Ladies*, that you had just then

then receiv'd a *Blank* from the Q—, to make your own Terms, and come to Court: and being ask'd, whether you design'd not to go on so kind an *Invitation*, you swore you would not; adding these Words, But now I have it in in my Power, I'll give the *Dogs* a jog by G—: Spoken much like a *Gentleman* and a *Courtier*; and 'tis no hard matter to guess, whom you mean by *Dogs*. 'Tis true, most *Princes* keep *Hounds* for their *Diversiſon* and *Health*, but I never heard yet of any that ever consulted them when they were sick. I shall not inquire whether the Fact be true or no; whether ever you had such a *Blank*, but have reason to believe you knew it was not, when you said it. Upon the whole, I find *Learning*, *Modesty* and *Veracity* are the three *Graces* that adorn your *Character*, and are so eminently conspicuous in you, that 'tis no wonder at all to me that you are the *Favourite* of a great part of *Mankind*; and have such an *Ascendency* over them, that you can lead Numbers where

where you will. 'Tis the *Weakness* and *Infirmity* of our *Natures*, that we would rather be well pleas'd than well serv'd, and that we are for the most part sooner conquer'd by *Pride* and *ill Nature*, than by a downright *Honesty*, or a generous *Humanity*.

Now if these things are true, as you and I know they are, how can you expect to be treated with the common *Civility* due to a *Gentleman*? Had you run down our *Bath-waters* upon Principles of *Philosophy*, or *Experiences* of your own, by which you could reason *Mankind* into the Belief of any ill Qualities in them; or had you discover'd any particular *Cases*, where they did more hurt than good, I had then been incapable of answering you, these *Things* being above my *Sphere* and *Capacity*, and you had acted like an able *Physician* and an honest *Man*. But your *Railing* and *Swearing* thus upon a *Pique* of a *Trifle* against our *Bath-waters*, the *Subsistence* and *Support* of so many *Families*, and the *Preserver* of your own *Life* too, is so sordid and inhuman,

man, that no body but one of your
base Birth and *brutish Temper* could have
 been guilty of it. 'Tis upon this ac-
 count I lay aside all Manners in this
Epistle, as you are my utmost *Aver-*
sion, *Scorn* and *Contempt*, for *profaning*
 those *sacred Fountains* that are the *spe-*
cial Favour of *Heaven* to our *Country*.

Qui quæ vult dicit, quæ non vult
audiet. Terent. Andr.

A Man of unrecorded Insolence,
Ill-manner'd, loose, and noisy without
Sense;
Defaming all, in his own Praises loud,
Vain without Skill, and without Me-
rit proud.

Eliza, pag. 259, 260.

From my Shop in Bath,
 Aug. 1. 1705.

F I N I S.

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those sacred Fountains that are the foun-
tion, Scorn and Contempt, for profaning
Epistle, as you are my utmost Adver-
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A Man of unrecorded Insolence,
 In manner, loose, and noisy without
 Deserving all, in his own Praiser look,
 Vain without Skill, and without Merit
 Proud, and vit proud.

Eliza, pag. 250, 251.

Aug. 1. 1702.
From my Shop in Bath.

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